

PUTNAM COUNTY HERALD

Issued Every Thursday by
HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY

W. Y. BENNETT, EDITOR
R. H. WIRT, MANAGER.

Subscription \$1.00 per year

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the
Post Office at Cookeville, Tenn.

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

1921=DECEMBER=1921

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DEMOCRATIC TICKET

County Attorney
E. H. BOYD
Register
HASKELL GROGAN
Sheriff
JOHN M. LEE
County Court Clerk
STANWOOD MOORE
Circuit Court Clerk
TOM SCARLETT
Supt. of Public Instruction
S. N. JARED, Sr.
Trustee
MARY F. DENNY

TO OUR READERS

In order to give our employees and ourselves an opportunity to observe the Christmas Holidays, there will be no Herald issued the last week of the year. This is really the only breathing spell we have during the entire year, and we feel sure that our readers will be glad to indulge us this one week out of the fifty-two.

The year just ending has been full of hard work, but it has been a labor of love and interest for ye editor, who after twelve months of application feels that he is getting in trim to give the people of Putnam County a real newspaper, such as he feels they deserve and will appreciate. Our ultimate goal is to put the Herald into every home in Putnam County, and have it so interesting that it will become a home necessity. In order to do this we must have the cooperation of the people in every section of the county. We are not unmindful of the hearty cooperation which is being extended by many of our friends and well-wishers, and our greatest desire is to make this interest co-extensive at least with the Putnam county lines on the North, East, South, and West.

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

On Christmas Eve, when your little boy or little girl crawls upon your knee, and asks you whether there is a really-truly, honest-to-goodness Santa Claus, what will be your answer?

Deep down in your heart you know the truth about this mysterious old saint. Your own mother used to lull you to sleep on the night before Christmas with the beautiful and fanciful tales of St. Nicholas speeding through the frost-filled air with his eight tiny reindeer, and in your childish impatience you could hardly close your eyes to sleep. How long the night seemed—an endless season without a morning.

Have you handed this story down to your children—the story of Santa Claus, clothed with dignity and happiness to the little ones who dance about the Christmas tree and cast surreptitious glances at the chimney and listen for the sound of reindeer bells? Assuredly you have.

Good fathers and mothers, and elder sisters and brothers of all ages, in the homes of the humble, and in the palaces of the rich, have whispered the tale of Santa to the little ones. They have watched the sparkle in the children's eyes and the wonderment which possessed them as the shadows began to lengthen on the day before the big day.

Indeed there is a Santa Claus. He is a spirit, a good little spirit that creeps into the hearts of men and causes them to want to be helpful and generous and kind to everyone.

Of course, there is a Santa Claus. If there hadn't been there would not be so much happiness and good will in this old world.

KEEP SHOVING.

In the sphere of citizenship in the town of Cookeville, we find a number who are prone to settle down,

rest on their oars, and take things as they come. To such we would recall the days when Cookeville was the home of men of courage and perseverance—men who would take a chance, did take their chance and lost. Those who played the game bravely, staked all, and lost, have passed from the chess board and many of those who are left, seem more like pawns after the queen has been captured. But famous games of chess have been won by a pawn that possessed the right kind of dogged persistence and refused to stay idly on the spot. A prominent man in Cookeville said to us the other day: "Everything here seems to move like a lump of ice. You have to stand behind and shove, and when you stop shoving things stand still again." We know it. We know it as well as anybody, but we don't like to 'fess up. But let's don't stop shoving. Don't let a few men do all the pushing. Get into the game, everybody, and see how much easier the lump of ice will move. By and by it will melt and the sunshine will come once more.

The year 1922 promises to be bright with history-making events for this glorious American republic. We are a part of it. The town of Cookeville will have a voice and a part in the struggle for better things. Lift up your head. Look people straight in the eyes and tell them that Cookeville is the best town in the world, and it is. When a farmer comes to town, greet him with a handshake and bid him welcome. If your business has got into a snarl don't sit down and whine and give up the fight. Some men do that, we know, but the man who is "worth while" takes on a new grip and says: "I'll pull her through in spite of fate," and nine times out of ten he will be successful. There is always ready help for the man who helps himself. Don't be a quitter and knocker. The winter won't last all ways and it won't be a great while until "the flowers will bloom in the spring, tra la."

PREPAREDNESS

Of course you have taken our advice and done your Christmas shopping early. All your packages are neatly tied with holiday ribbon and now rest upon the top shelf in the bedroom closet, peacefully awaiting the hour of distribution. We are so glad to know that you acted upon our suggestion and now when your friends are caught in the whirl of eleventh hour shopping and are madly searching for something that will please someone, you can sit by the fire, smoking your pipe or reading the evening newspaper. It certainly is great to be prepared. Eh, what?

SLAT'S DIARY

Friday—Us and the preacher went out in the country this afternoon after school was out and Mr. Brown which is a farmer was out a calling his hogs and he has got a immense voice on him. The preacher sed Mr. Brown you got such a big voice you shud ought to of ben a minister and Mr. Brown leaned up vs. his fence and sed Well I guess they is more money in calling hogs than they is in calling sinners.

Saturday—Pa sed when he was a little fellow you cud tell prosperous fokes apart from the unprosperous ones by the kind of a horse they drove but now you cant do that with the ottos people is driving. Pug Stephens told me to stop throwing sones at his pup & I up & sed What if I don't. & he replied & sed If ou dont stop continueing it its going to make me feel had evry thime I see the doctor go to yure house.

Sunday—Are teecher is a new 1 at Sunday skool. The old 1 has been wanting to marry badly and she did Very Badly pa says. Blisters payed me a dime he borried las summer & I am very Happy.

Monday—Ma got perved at when I borried her tooth brush. She thot I used it to brush my teeth off. But she needent wirry I only tuk it to clean aretypewriter.

Tuesday—Ma invited a woman here tonight for Supper & she was telling pa what a smart woman she was. She sed her conversation is like fine old wine. So after Supper Pa got his hat and snuk out & I sed Where you going & he sed Shush & I did. Then he whispered that he was a going to leave so this lady woodent get him intoxicated.

Wednesday—Ma was fussing at Pa because he run away las night. The only time they ever agree is when we have chicken and they both want the same peace. I ast pa what ma was tawking about & he sed About a hour and a ¼.

Thursday—Ma is giving her order to the Grocery wile I am writing in the diary. I hope she dustent disside to send me for it because her order sounds like a letter to Santa Claws.

Barrett's Everlastic Roofing and Shingles are best for the price. Big carload just received. Jere Whitson Hdwe. Co.—Advertisement.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of the power and authority vested in me by deed of trust dated August 28, 1918, and executed by J. R. Denny and wife, Ada Denny, to me as trustee, and recorded in Trust Deed Book "O", pages 23 and 24, of the Register's office of Putnam County, Tennessee, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured, I, W. D. Wright, Trustee, having been requested to do so, will, on Monday, the 23rd day of January 1922, at the courthouse door in Cookeville, Tennessee, at one o'clock, P. M., offer for sale, to the highest and best bidder for cash, free from the equities of redemption, homestead, and dower, as provided in said deed of trust, the following described tract or parcel of land, situated and lying in the 11th Civil District of Putnam County, Tennessee, and bounded on the north by the lands of J. C. McKinley and Toy Winchester, on the south by the lands of W. T. Denny, on the east by the lands of Joe Maddux, and on the west by the lands of Toy Denny, containing sixty acres more or less, and being the same tract of land conveyed to J. R. Denny by W. T. Denny and wife, Belle, by deed of December 7, 1911.

This December 17, 1921.

W. D. WRIGHT, Trustee.
O. K. Holladay, Attorney. 4t.

FORMING GOOD READING HABITS

If parents wish their children to form good reading habits they must form such habits themselves. And there is no better way to do this than to bring into the household a periodical that will be of interest to every member of it; that will supply the best reading for old and young. Among the periodicals of this description The Youth's Companion is unique. Not only does it aim to entertain and inform boys and girls in their teens, as its name suggests, but there is not a page in it that parents can pass over with indifference.

The 52 issues of 1922 will be crowded with serial stories, short stories, editorials, poetry, facts and fun. Subscribe now and receive:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues in 1922.
2. All the remaining issues of 1921.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1922.
4. Or include McCall's Magazine, the monthly authority on fashions. Both publications, only \$3.00.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Commonwealth Ave. & St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.
New Subscriptions Received by R. H. Wirt, at Herald Office.

COOKEVILLE, ROUTE 7

Willie Edmond died last Friday night and was buried at Poplar Springs cemetery.

John Ray has been making boards for J. Carrington.

Wilmoth Bros. have commenced sawing at their mill.

Brice J. Green of Dayton, Ohio came in last week to see his sick sister, Mrs. Allen Lynn.

J. J. Carrington, N. P. went to Blackburn's Fork last week and took 5 acknowledgements to a remainder deed in an estate of Mrs. Lankford.

T. R. Holloway, collector for M. G. Ransom, went to Tick on business last week.

Frank Henly visited Levi Stewart last week.

Mrs. Allen Lynn is some better. J. J. Carrington went to Cookeville last week on business.

W. R. Lee went to Cookeville last week with a load of barter.

Mrs. Thos. Allen has joined the Herald gang for 12 months, to keep posted in the news.

P. M. Greenwood and Fletcher Williams have moved to the Burt Clinton farm.

Mrs. M. J. Allen has returned from a visit to Blackburn's Fork, to see her mother. Zeb and Marshal Warren were in our section last week, on business.

The school at Dotson Branch has closed.

Hix Brothers and Smith, have many advertisements posted up, but their best adv.'s Z. H. Smith, their miller.

W. C. Gentry of Baxter was here last week to visit his sister, Etta.

We had a nice rain here last Saturday, after which a cold spell came.

Jubie Wilmoth w his mill on Algood Route 2 last Saturday on business.

The corn market hereabouts is \$3 a barrel.

R. J. Hardy, M. J. Roberts, and Vanus Roberts are employed at Wilmoth Bros. Mill.

Tom Miller has moved to the Dallas Hawkins farm.

James Henly moved to Mrs. W. C. Gentry's farm near Dotson Branch.

Monroe M. Ray has moved to his Poplar Springs farm.

Kellie Boatman of Tick has moved to Mrs. Bud Jackson's farm.

T. G. Phillips has bought Sam Henley's telephone box.

Success to the Herald and its many readers. The writer wishes them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
DR. MUMPS.

Give us your order for fresh meat, and groceries if you want free and quick delivery. Wilhite & Fouch Bros.—Advertisement.

Child Training At Home

This is one of the fourth series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City. They are appearing weekly in these columns.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS

By Katherine Beebe

Just a year ago I was invited into a neighbor's home "to see the children's Christmas" and went under the mistaken impression that it would be a pleasurable experience. It was not. To see what should have been the crowning occasion of the year to those children turned into a confused complexity of excitement was a positive grief.

The room was small, the too large tree was decorated in a most haphazard and in-artistic way; yards of cloth on which Santa Claus pictures had been printed for the Christmas trade were stretched along the walls; various paper bells, wreaths and festoons were hung on available pieces of furniture, and a profusion of gifts littered the floor, chairs and tables. I took stock of these as I gazed, supposedly spell-bound with interest and delight. I saw at once that quantity not quality, had been the dominant idea and that a group of grown people had been enjoying themselves with little consideration of the children's real needs or desires.

There were breakable dolls in impracticable pinks and blues; there were numberless toys having neither play value nor educational content. Handkerchiefs, hair ribbons, dish towels, socks and neckties had all been given a part in the scheme of decorations. It was chaos come again and the children seemed fairly bewildered with excitement.

In contrast to this feckless festival it is a joy to recall the Christmas which stands out in my experience of many as the one most nearly approaching a kindergarten's ideal.

On the twenty-fourth a small tree had been beautifully trimmed in white and silver by mother and children together. Father was the one who was to receive the traditional shock of surprise in this case. The living room was made lovely and fragrant with boughs of Norway spruce and as five o'clock drew near all was in order and the tree lighted for a Christmas greeting to passers-by. Then the whole family went to a "Candlelight Service" in a nearby church, stopping on the way home to see a wonderful creche set up with loving thought and care by a friend and neighbor. After dinner there were Christmas stories, Christmas songs and Christmas music on the Victrola, and then came bed-time with its excitement and anticipations and the hanging of the stockings.

In the early morning Father slipped quietly down stairs while the rest of us waited for the music which was the signal that all was ready. Then, not with a rush, but with deliberate intention not to lose a single thrill, we descended the staircase together. On the landing it burst upon us, and Oh, the beauty of it all! There was our tree sparkling and beautiful in the firelight which filled the room! There in the chosen places were the gifts! There were the stockings, bulging! And what were these? For each child one special and long-desired treasure, an electric train, a sled, a tricycle, books, three games full of promise of future fun, and for the use of the children together a box of the biggest blocks that could be found. In each stocking was a lovely cornucopia full of goodies, candies, nuts and raisins, while under these were several little toys chosen as jokes or for the foolishness without which there can be no real Christmas in this family. The children's gifts to Father and mother and theirs to each other were given at the breakfast table, a time-honored custom.

The aftermath of this Christmas was a matter of great interest to the fortunate guest. By four o'clock in the afternoon the neighborhood children began to drop in until there were at least a dozen of them, one of whom confided to me that "at Christmas time the B— children always got presents you could do things with." Indeed for weeks afterwards the house of my friend was a rendezvous for that compelling reason. Surely this was an ideal Christmas.

WHEN YOU ARE CONSTIPATED

To insure a healthy action of the bowels and correct disorders of the liver, take two of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper. They will not only cause a gentle movement of the bowels, without unpleasant effects, but banish that dull, stupid feeling, that often accompanies constipation.—For sale by Womack Drug Co.—Advertisement.

Best grade Extra Clear 5-2 Washington Red Cedar Shingles. See the quality of our shingles and get our price before you buy. Jere Whitson Hdwe. Co.—Advertisement.

CHRISTMAS A THOUGHT

One day in each year we celebrate the birth of Christ, the Prince of Peace.

Three hundred and sixty-four days in the year we are prone to forget his teachings, sidestep his warnings, and ignore his pleadings.

It is the way of the world today.

Tomorrow it may be different, but tomorrow is always yet to come.

A WISH

May the life of the Prince of Peace be an inspiration to you in the year that is soon to be ushered in.

May the joy of happiness and the blessings of peace rest upon you, abide with you, enrich and ennoble your life.

HERALD PUBLISHING CO.